

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the fload my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe:
That bettels ore his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your Soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The verie place puts toyces of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That looks so many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile go no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. Pittie mee not but lend my serious hearing to
what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-houfe,
I could a tale vnfold whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young bloud,
Make thy two eies like starres start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud, list, list, O list,
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his soule, and most vnnatural murder.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weed
That roots it selfe in ease on *Leibe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole care of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proesse of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetike soule my Vncle.

Ghost.